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April, 1905

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# THE ZEPHYRUS

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A Journal Devoted to Literature, School News, Athletics, Etc.

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VOLUME I.

ASTORIA, OREGON, APRIL, 1905.

NUMBER 2.

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## AN EASTER LILY

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By Grace W. Morton, '05.

"Elsie, this coming Sunday is Easter," said Grandpa. "I don't see why."

"Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have some pretty colored Easter eggs like those in the shop windows?" continued the child.

"Perhaps, if I get this lace finished and Mrs. Dale pays me."

"How mean of Grandpa Randolph to let you work so hard when"—

"Hush, Lily, you must not speak thus. It is very good of Grandpa to let us have this cottage rent free. If it weren't for that, my embroidery work would not support me."

When Elsie went to the near-by town to deliver some work she had completed, Lily wandered through the woods until she reached the edge of a lake. Here she sat down on a soft grassy mound and gave herself up to happy day-dreams. As she looked with longing eyes toward a large stone house on the opposite side of the lake she was thinking how nice it would be to roam in those grand old woods and to ride in the little canoe which was dancing so briskly upon the shining lake. She pictured herself and Elsie walking in the beautiful garden and plucking the beautiful buds which grew there.

Every day and night Elsie worked as fast as her fingers could fly, trying to finish the embroidery so that she might purchase the desired Easter eggs for Lily.

Every day Lily would dream her same dreams over and over again as she looked with longing eyes at the great house on the opposite side of the lake.

One afternoon, the day before Easter, the longing became so great that she determined to go and see her grandpa and speak to him, even if he was old and cross.

Without going back to the cottage for a cap and cloak, she ran on and on, through woods, across a rustic bridge spanning the lake, up wide avenues, until she reached the white



stone steps. Here she paused, out of breath, undetermined whether to proceed or go back. But some unknown force drew her to the great door, although the solemnity of the place appalled her.

She rang the bell and awaited the summons of the footman. To her simple query, "Is Grandpa Randolph home?" he nodded his head and pointed to the library, a large room, across the hall. Lily swiftly entered the half open door and advanced into the room. She noticed almost everything in the room at one glance. What pleased her most was a beautiful doll sitting on the mantle. She was sure this doll had been her mother's.

Near the fireplace an old man reclined in an easy chair, his head resting on his hand.

Something about his looks reminded Lily of her dead mother. Before she knew it she was on his lap, with her chubby hands around his neck, and kissing his wrinkled cheek.

The old man was surprised, but he pressed the child close to his breast,

and whispered, "My Lily; my daughter. Will you always stay?"

"I am mamma's Lily, and I will stay if Elsie can come, too."

"Bless you, my child; you shall both come and be my children. I will try my best to atone for your bitter past."

\* \* \* \*

Easter morn rose clear and bright. Elsie and Lily awoke in the large house, no longer grim, but cheerful. The Easter bells chimed merrily as the happy children, dressed in new frocks, descended to the morning room. Grandpa Randolph was sitting comfortably in an easy chair by the fire. On a table near him stood a basket of colored Easter eggs and a vase filled with the fairest lillies.

"Oh!" cried Lily. "I was so happy that I forgot the Easter eggs. How can I ever thank you enough, Grandpa, for this glad Easter morn?"

As grandpa gave her his welcome kiss he said: "It is I that should thank you not you me, my fairest Easter Lily."

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## THE SAME OLD STORY

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By Amy Rannells, '05.

Yes, he would leave his little New England home and take himself to "that continuous woods where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing." Perhaps the wildness and roaring would deaden his memory, and thoughts of her might vanish; at any rate, he would try to learn his lesson—would learn to forget.

Such was the soliloquy of Gerald Singleterry, who possessed all that so young a man might wish for. All? Yes, all but the one thing for which he seemed to care most, just the heart of a silly girl, who was "only teasing him." At least, that was what she told him, and of course she meant it.

So it happened in the course of certain events, that, as the sun was shedding its last rays from the golden west, on an early evening in June, a young man, weary of foot, tired of body and sore at heart, stood where the setting sun kisses the waters and the red lips leave a rosy hue that changes not until Father Night shows his darkened brow. Gerald's mind had been filled with melancholy reflections, but the glory and majesty of the landscape inspired him with higher thoughts, and he wondered why the world's poets had not sung of the beauty that here existed.

Soon after the arrival of the newcomers, should a traveler in a lone

canoe have chanced to pass a certain spot, where, at the time I write, stands an imposing edifice, he would have seen a little log cabin surrounded by a small clearing. Had he covered the short distance that intervened between the canoe and the cabin, he might have seen a little bed of violets, a reminder of other days, for a memory can be stubborn, and things once learned are difficult to forget.

For five long, lonesome years Gerald lived through the toils that leave their marks; through the labors and weary drudgeries that eat into the very being of a frontiersman. By the time the sixth summer had passed the germ of homesickness had flourished to a full-grown plant; the sap had reached the very tip of the branches, and the bud of impatience was slowly but surely opening into a full-blown flower.

Thus it was that the cabin was closed and the homeward journey begun.

\* \* \* \*

It was March and storms were raging on the coast; no lighthouse shed its friendly beam upon the wave and no one saw the last scene of the great theater of life enacted on the sea, where all but one on board the little craft had been hurled into the angry arms of the Almighty Thor.

And that one! What had become of her? She, who had been cared for and protected all her life; she who had spent her life in jesting, who had commanded both by countenance and by bearing, had at last been forced to appreciate the serious.

Tossed about on the maddened waters, a thousand thoughts made zig-zag paths through Gertrude's mind. She had not intended to enter the "golden west" in this fashion, madly grasping a broken mast. When she thought of the dangers that awaited her on shore, should she ever reach it, her

heart misgave her and she was tempted to give up in despair.

But no; she had in former days boasted of her bravery, and no one in the future should have it to say that she was a coward.

She had been considering herself as something of the past; had wondered what her friends would say when they heard no news from her, and whether or not Gerald would grieve. She had sincerely hoped he would; and she pictured him living and dying a bachelor because she had found rest in a lonely, watery grave.

Then her fancy turned into another channel. Suppose she should find him in these wilds; would he know her and be glad she had come? For the present her aching arms were forgotten and sweet dreams controlled her fancy.

For hours, it seemed to Gertrude, she had been clinging to a broken mast which she had grasped when the ship went down; but at last the sea grew friendly, the waters became quiet, the mists began to lift, and not far away could be discerned a cliff, which, by great effort, she finally reached. She was completely exhausted, but, more than this, she was in a strange land, with no one to advise her, no one to comfort her, and the prospect even for existing appeared doubtful. A mossy bank enticed her to lie down, but when she closed her eyes nervous fears encompassed her and she woke with a start from a dream, in which she had been attacked by wild men and locked up in a log cabin, where she was left to strave.

However unpleasant her sleep had been, Gertrude felt refreshed, but entirely nonplussed as to what to do. Her first idea was to keep on the shore, so that a passing vessel might be hailed; but curiosity played the better part and a great desire came over her to see the more of this land where man had had not part in the despoiling of nature.

What, therefore, was her surprise for, though Big Heart had never said when, upon reaching the summit of so, they all knew he loved them. One day, while cleaning the cabinet of curios, Gertrude gave a scream and a start, for there on a piece of wood were carved her own features. At once she knew that this was the home of the man who had loved her in her girlhood, and whom she had sent from her with a jest. Various pictures occupied her mind, those present and those to come. How far had he gone? and would he come back? Yes, of that she was sure, for Owakoda had said that he was to receive the Book of the Great Spirit for which he had longed. April and May passed away; sunshine strolled in upon the scene; the Indian children overcame their fear of the white squaw, whose pale hair refused to stay in straight braids, but curled around her face in ringlets.

For several days Gertrude lived the life of isolation for mankind. At night strange noises frightened her: the wind howled, the trees swished and the breaking of the waves upon the shore threw a weird shadow over all. Then she caught her first glimpse of the savage; that is, he was called a savage, but no fear came over the eastern girl as she looked into the eyes of this strange being, for some one had taught him that the white man meant no harm.

As she listened to the tales which Owakoda told her of the white man who came and built the cabin and made the Indian love him, Gertrude wondered why a man should come in to these forests, what had brought him here and where he was now. Owakoda told how Big Heart, for they so called the white man, had told them of other things which did not exist in the west; had taught their children how to read and write the white man's language; and that the squaw was not a beast of burden, but had a soul. So, ever since he had left, his cabin had been cared for and his violets kept clean;

Meanwhile time hung heavily on Gerald's hands. The old couple with whom he had made his youthful home had passed away and strangers now occupied their places. The whole atmosphere had changed; like Rip Van Winkle or old, he was alone in the world.

He searched directories for some trace of Gertrude, but the H—— family had entirely disappeared. One day, while passing a newsboy, he heard the lad cry out, "All about the shipwreck! All about the wreck on the Pacific!" His curiosity was aroused; he bought a paper and hurriedly scanned its pages. There it was. The ship had tried to enter the Columbia harbor, a storm had sprung up, and all on board were supposed to have been lost, as no sign of life was visible to the vessel which had passed that way and found parts of the broken ship. Gerald began to read over the list of those who had been passengers aboard the lost ship, but the first name sent the cold chills over him, and he read no further. Could it

be his Gertrude? It was there—"Gertrude H—, resident of M—, R. I." It seemed hardly possible, but it must be true. He went to the office of the company whose ship had been lost; he read the name on the register, but could gain no further information. one river of the west, leaping and bounding on its course; looking forward, as he journeyed on, his little cabin rose before him. Was it his? Apparently some one was occupying it, for in the distance he could see the blue smoke curling from the chimney.

To think that she had gone to seek him and had perhaps been lost! The thought was maddening. He cared no more for the coast; it seemed that the west would hardly hold him. As he drew near he could see a young woman in buckskin dress and moccasins sitting on the doorstep, and little Indian children were kneeling around her.

\* \* \* \*

Christmas morn broke clear and frosty, where the trees are ever green. It is true that no sleigh bells rang out their merry chimes, but the supreme quiet and nature unimproved by man more beautifully told that "Christ is King." No one saw his approach, and as he stood at the rear of the group he noticed that the young woman was not an Indian maiden. Then she turned. At last he had found his Gertrude! In less time than it takes to tell he was bending over her, and in another moment they were—well, you know the rest.

Looking backward, Gerald saw the

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## Murder Will Out

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By Charlotte Hess, '05.

At one end of a neglected street of Astoria stands an old forsaken house. It is of fair size but curiously built; the wall, as far as the eaves, are weatherboarded; the rest of the wall from the eaves to the peak, has its boards straight up and down, the cracks having been filled from wadding, some of which has fallen out. Many years ago the house was built and inhabited by a cobbler who, after the death of his wife, had lived there with his son John and daughter-in-law Cynthia. John generally lounged about the house or on the street except when his wife was watching, then he became quite diligent. Cynthia was industrious in a way, and that way was to make others do the work. And the poor stooped cobbler! It made her Irish blood boil, she said, to see the old lazy hulk around the house. Consequently the little stooped man was buffeted from corner to corner, although he earned the larger part of their income. But humanity cannot live always; the cobbler died, ill treated to the last. Now that there was no one to repair the house, it rapidly fell into decay. When fall came and stormy weather set in the cobbler had been dead for just three weeks and Cynthia's conscience had begun to trouble her a little. She would often awake in the night and hear a gentle tap, tap, tap. Soon she began to notice that the tapping occurred only on stormy nights; but once in a while during the day time, when her husband was out and silence prevailed in the house, the gentle and regular tap, tap could be heard; and, if the storm outside increased in fury the tapping would become louder and faster. Finally, when she could stand the suspense no longer, she told her husband all her fears; told him about the tapping and that she thought it was the cobbler who came on stormy



nights, when he supposed no one would hear him at work, to make for her a coffin of leather and in the shape of a shoe; which article he was not only an expert in making but which she had been an expert, in more ways than one, in using. By her arguments she had installed in John a vague uneasiness. A few nights later John awoke to find Cynthia sitting upright in bed calling to him to wake up. He sat up and listened; yes, he could hear it too and being a man, went to investigate. With socks on his feet, and guided by the steady tap, he crept softly along the hall until he came to the ladder which led to the attic. This he cautiously mounted, and when he came to the top of the ladder boldly stuck his head through the opening and looked around. Then he saw it; his features became frozen, his eyes started from his head, and his hair closely resembled the back of a porcupine. It was dimly outlined by a light reddish glow. All that John really saw was two streaks of light about two feet apart, and midway between and a little above them a round patch of light, but his imagination did the rest; he saw the stooped bent figure, the evil glare, the skinny arm holding in its hand a little hammer. After one spell-bound minute which seemed an hour, John dashed down stairs and described the spectre to his wife. No sleep visited those two wretched people that night, so in the morning they packed their scanty belongings and left. Since then the house has been left vacant. The light from an arc light that was stationed opposite the house shone in through two cracks and a knot hole; the tapping was caused by a leak, the water dripping on the floor and running off between the walls.

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## Miss Amsterdam

By Grace E. Moore

"Gee! but that is a swell trunk. I wouldn't mind meeting the owner." Ray examined the beautiful trunk in question, trying to find a name some place, but in vain. The little calling card was entirely hidden by a gorgeous Amsterdam hotel poster. "She has been abroad, too," continued Ray. "She certainly can have me," remarked his companion, Jack. "Come, old boy, let me introduce you." Ray conducted Jack to the trunk, and with an elaborate bow performed the ceremony. "Miss Amsterdam, allow me to present Mr. Jack Rothswift." "Charmed to meet you, Miss Amsterdam. May I give you my card? My name is rather hard to remember, don't you know." Jack slipped one of his cards up the lid of the trunk, and the two boys laughed gaily at their nonsense.

"Come on, Jack, here's our train." With a wild dash Jack grabbed at his card, but it would not come out. Well, it would have to stay there, that was all.

Two weeks later the two boys returned from their hunting trip, just in time to meet a crowd of girls who had been entertained by Jack's mother at a house party. They were to leave in a day or two and Jack felt very much aggrieved. That Daisy Long was just charming! But why did she look at him in such a peculiar way at times? And—yes, she certainly suppressed a titter every now and then.

The day for their departure came all too soon. Jack was downstairs superintending the trunks. "Ge-rusalem! What was that? The trunk!" Daisy came running down the stairs



and burst into a hilarious laughter astonishment at the innocent piece when she saw Jack with his hands in "Lord, is that your trunk?" gasped his pockets, gazing in open mouthed the guilty Jack.

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## A Leap-Year Proposal

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It was all right for Pattie to propose fifty dollars, they would be married, to him, because, you see, it was leap— But a very sorrowful day came to year. "Will you marry me, George?" George and Pattie, Pattie's father and asked Pattie, and George said he would mother had decided to go "way out Then, of course, they must make plans west' to California. Many tears were for the future, and George must choose shed at parting, but there was one consolation in it all. They were going to a business. He thought he would like to drive the coal wagon, but Pattie somehow felt that such a business would not be dignified enough. The next best thing seemed to be a horse-car driver. No, that was not aristocratic enough for proud Pattie. At last an amiable decision was arrived at, and Pattie and George determined that they would keep a fruit stand. How very, very happy they would be when George's father would get them the money to start with. When they had earned a great deal of money, maybe

George for his fruit stand. In the course of a month a box of beautiful oranges found their way to George's home, but, alas for human weakness! They were not used to start a fruit stand. One by one they disappeared until not a single orange was left. But you couldn't blame him after all, because, you see, he was only eight.

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## *First Customs House on the Pacific Coast.*

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By Mary Adair, '07.

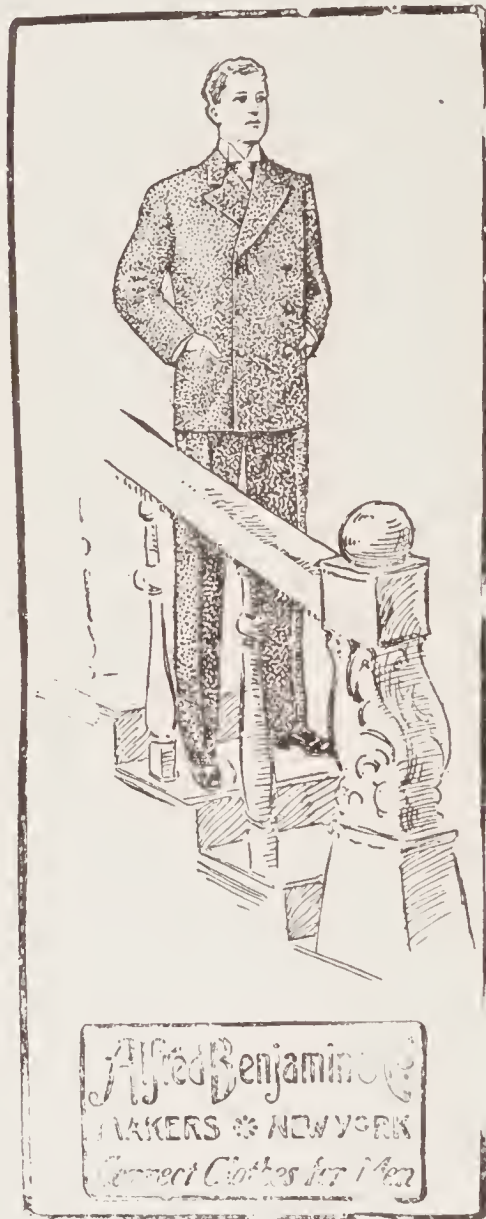
The first federal building on the Pacific coast was built immediately after the destruction of the first, but on the east half of the same lot. It was a single story building of one room, the dimensions of which were 20 feet by 22 feet, with walls 10 feet high. The walls and ceiling were plastered a rough coat, almost yellow or cement color. This one room only, but it was looked upon with pride by the few settlers here, as it had a long flight of well-made steps, while the steps of their houses were nothing but "butcher blocks" piled one on top of the other. This customs house was always used as a postoffice, and the collector of customs was also the postmaster. It was burned down the night of the 20th of April, 1850.

A porch five feet wide extended

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across the north end, and the main roof which overhung it was supported by four square pillars. The entrance was from the center of the porch through double sash doors, on each side of which, as well as on the west and east walls, was a large window.

This customs house was used by all denominations as a church and Sunday school room. The building had been abandoned for many years before it was finally destroyed, in October 1901.

The lighthouse and channel buoying also were under the charge of the collector of customs. The first buoys in the Columbia river were put down at that time with anchors, composed of large boulders taken from the beach near Tongue Point.

An occasional trip was made by the collector to Puget sound, as there was no customs house there.

Among the distinguished men often at the customs house were General Phil Sheridan, General Joe Lane, General Joe Hooker, commonly known as "Fighting Joe" Hooker; Colonel Bonnevillie, who was for many years held prisoner by the Indians and about whom Washington Irving has written a book; General I. I. Stevens, for whom Fort Stevens was named; Lieutenant Derby, who built the old military road from Astoria to Salem, and General Canby, for whom Fort Canby was named.

As the first collector of customs General John Adair was the disbursing officer for the territory of Oregon, and, as one of his duties was to pay off the legislature, large sums of money were often in the customs house. As there were no banks in those days, it was deposited in an iron safe, which is kept as a curiosity in the present customs house at Astoria.

It happened that once when there was \$4000 in this safe the large brass key belonging to it was broken in two and was sent up to Cathlamet to be brazed. John Smith, a boatman in

the employ of the government, and one of the men who took the key to Cathlamet, noticed the shape of the key while the blacksmith was mending it, and it occurred to him to make one like it so that he could open the safe and get the \$4000 which he knew to be there.

This he did immediately on his return; and one night, together with John Manning, another boatman, who slept in the customs house, he succeeded in opening the safe and in taking out the \$4000, \$2000 of which was in gold, and the same amount in silver. They buried it in tin oyster cans, which they had been collecting for the purpose, and hid them in the woods due south of the customs house. In the morning when the loss was discovered neither Smith nor Manning was suspected, but suspicion was directed toward a family who lived near the building, and who suddenly concluded to go to San Francisco.

John Smith and John Manning were told to watch these people until they should go on board the vessel, and, as can easily be imagined, they were very glad to do so. The woman had been weighed a few days before at the store, and the captain persuaded her, just before she started, to be weighed again—to see how much she would fall off during the trip, he said. Strange to say, the increase in her weight was exactly equal to the weight of \$4000 in gold and silver, so a deputy sheriff was sent along with them. Before the vessel reached San Francisco, however, John Manning, who was still in Astoria, showed where the silver was hid in the woods, but he did not know where John Smith, his partner in the crime, had hidden the gold.

The sheriff was sent for, John Smith was arrested and the gold demanded; but Smith protested his innocence. He was put in irons and a guard was appointed to stand over him in the customs house. About midnight the manager of a mill came



down, and, with the help of the guard and a few volunteers, took Smith out into the woods and hung him up to the limb of a tree until he should give a signal that he would tell where the gold was. It was not until he had been swung up for a third time and his grave dug beneath him, however, that he did finally reveal his secret. The next morning he was put on a vessel and sent to San Francisco, according to a promise made to him by his self-constituted court that if

he would tell where the money was he should not be punished, but should have only to leave the country.

There are many other facts and incidents in connection with the old customs house which might be related by the old residents of Astoria but time and space here forbid. Times and circumstances have changed and attention is now drawn to the scenes in connection with the more imposing building which has taken the place of the old structure.

## Alumni Notes

Andrew Holmes, '96, after an absence of six years, has returned from Sweden, where he has been studying civil engineering.

\* \* \*

Margaret M. Higgins, '98, is now spending the winter in Nova Scotia.

Jessie Sands, '00, is teaching school at Lakeview, Ore.

\* \* \*

Augusta U. Holmes, '01, is a member of the '05 class of the University of Oregon.

Floyd Dement, '96, returned to Astoria the early part of March from Skagway, Alaska, where he is engaged in business. In '94, '95 and '96 Floyd was the star Association football player of the High School. He was captain of the team that won the coast championship in 1896.

\* \* \*

Numerous inquiries have been made as to when the first class of the Astoria High School graduated. The first class, which was composed entirely of girls, graduated in 1886, under Mrs. Florence E. Martin.

The personnel of the class is as follows:

Amy Powell, Emma Devol, Georgia Badollet, Matilda Hartwig, Alice Stockton, Olga Heilborn, Daisy Goodell,

Minna Sherman, Josephine Bryce, Callie Brodie and Ella Tanger.

The members of the '86 class are not members of the Alumni Association, but have expressed intention of applying for admission.

\* \* \*

The following anonymous letter, addressed to The Zephyrus, was received a few days ago:

University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore., March 18, 1905.—Felix Moore, '03, at U. of O.-U. of W. football game, "Andy, Astoria's ball," at the same time violently annihilated the molecules of atmosphere in his vicinity.

We are unable to state just what idea was intended to be conveyed to the reader, unless it was that "Potato Blossoms," as Felix was called here, became enthusiastic at the game and forgot he was not home. We would be much pleased to have our correspondent enlighten us upon the subject.

—O—

Color Blind.

Winnie—Sidney is unable to distinguish the difference between green and blue.

Leta—How do you know?

Winnie—I just heard him say he was awfully blue.

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Address all communications to the Editor or Business Manager, The Zephyrus, Astoria, High School, Astoria, Oregon.

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## HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

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Many boys enter High School from four years of pleasant work to gain? Grammar School and complete, per- Of course, there are exceptions to haps, a year or so of work, then all rules; but we can not all be ex- leave school and begin learning a ceptions, and, since "facts are facts," trade or profession. Invariably their and "figures don't lie," it is obvious argument for so doing is that to that the advantage of a High School amount to anything and become a training is immeasurable. If you still factor in the world you must get prac- feel unconvinced, go to some man, an tical experience as soon as possible. acquaintance whose opinion you value, Or, in other words, they say that the and ask him if he would advise you time spent in school is merely wasted. to stay in school or to leave school

for the work-bench, counter or desk. If he advises you to go to work, it will either be because his experience with life has been limited or because he is too narrow-minded to give the matter due consideration. Right here in Astoria we have a splendid example of the subject we are speaking of. A young man who recognizes the A. H. S. as his Alma Mater entered the employ of a certain firm; three years before a boy from his class left High School and was given a position with the same firm. The latter was given three raises in salary and one raise in position in those three years. The former was three times raised in sal-

ary and twice raised in position in mar School education, all other things being equal. You will also find that eight months. That is only one case out of hundreds. And it is only about he will express a decided preference one case out of hundreds in which for the graduate over the lad who has the circumstances are reversed. had but two or three years in High School.

If you look into the matter, you will find that a business man will give a position of responsibility or trust to a boy or girl who has had a High School education more readily than you will congratulate yourself for so to a boy or girl with only a Gram-

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## Class Spirit

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The seniors' class is the only one in the Astoria High School that has what may be termed "class spirit." or, in other words, that they had The other classes hardly know its meaning.

The juniors, individually, are a bright and energetic set of people; collectively, they are a dismal failure, inasmuch as they are always at variance. So far as we have been able to ascertain, no project undertaken by the juniors has come to a termination without much discontent and wrangling. This shows an utter lack of class spirit.

If your class, whether you be freshman, sophomore, junior or senior, undertakes to do a thing, stand in with them. Don't let it be said that the

The seniors have always stood together. If the majority vote to do a certain thing, those opposed to it always unite their efforts with the people in favor of it to make a success of their undertaking. Each and every senior thinks his class the best in school—and he should. If every freshman, sophomore and junior thought his respective class the best, class spirit would be the result.

If class spirit is a substance in the makeup of the school, school spirit is also there, for class spirit is merely a factor of school spirit.

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## Athletics

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"The lovers of the Ash" are out and getting themselves ready for work. When the High School came to the The boys of the A. H. S. have so far been getting some excellent practice, but they need drilling in team work. though that is not needed nearly so much as batting practice. This deficiency was very noticeable in the practice game played on the 19th with the "Astoria All-Stars. Our boys required eight innings to find the place where the opponent's pitcher twirled the sphere over the plate. In the first inning the A. H. S. took the

and the All-Stars made one run, but they couldn't hit the pitcher, and three men were fanned out, one after the other. The next inning the All-Stars made two runs and the High Schools were shut out as before. In the third inning the All-Stars made one more run, thus making the score 4 to 0. Again the High School was shut out, but the fourth inning was a shut-out for both sides. Up to the High School was unable to score, but in that inning Rog-



ers was brought home by a safe hit from Clark. This seemed to break the spell, for the boys now began to hit the All-Stars' pitcher. In the first part of the seventh inning the All-Stars made another run, making the score 8 to 1. In the last two innings the H. S. lads worked like "Trojans of old," giving as good an exhibition of baseball as any fan could wish for.

The last of the ninth the A. H. S. made six runs before the necessary three were put out, thus ending the game, 8 to 7, in favor of the All Stars.

Young, the High School pitcher, did excellent work, the opponents being able to get but two safe hits off him. The feature of the game was a sensational catch of a high fly by Third Baseman Clark, in the eighth inning.

The line-up was as follows:

A. A. S.—Pitcher, Brakke; catcher, Olsen; first base, Bayard; second base, Carlson; third base, Alon; shortstop, Nylund; left field, Jeldnes; center field, Brown; right field, Jackson.

A. H. S.—Pitcher, Young; catcher, Minkler, Emerson; first base, Rogers; second base, Parker; third base, Clark; shortstop, Garner; left field, Lounsberry; center field, Emerson-Minkier; right field, Utzinger.

The score by innings:

A. A. S. .... 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 0—8  
A. H. S. .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 6—7

Struck out—Brakke, 9; Young, 6.

Bases on balls—Brakke, 4; Young, 2.

Hit by pitched ball—Parker.

Two base hits—Clark, Rogers (2), Emerson.

Double plays—Garner to Parker to Rogers (2), Rogers to Parker to Rogers, Clark to Parker.

Umpire—Kellar.

The find of the season is undoubtedly in Parker, our second baseman. Last year Parker did duty in center field, but his work was not one-third as good as it is now. If he keeps at it he will be one of the best baseball players the A. H. S. has turned out,

notwithstanding the fact that the Astoria High School has had such men as Harry Graham and the two Young boys, Sigfried and Arthur.

Although we believe we shall turn out a good team, we are handicapped insomuch as there are only three last year men left—Parker, Rogers and Emerson. A great many boys have expressed their determination to make the team. That's the spirit, boys, that produces teams; keep right at it. Among the most likely candidates are Young, Parker, Brakke, Hughes, McManama, Lounsberry, Rogers, Stuart, Tuomala, Tagg, Garner, Utzinger, K. Parker and Emerson.

\* \* \*

### The Track Team.

Owing to the baseball team taking up so much of the students' time, not very much attention has been devoted to the track team. However, some of the boys are keeping right at it, and by May they will be in first class trim. If the freshmen will only turn out for this, there will be a great increase in the number of track athletes. There are some good men among them and there is no excuse for not taking advantage of their natural ability and helping to support the track team.

\* \* \*

### Basket Ball.

The basket ball season is about to close, and if the girls don't hurry up they will not have any games with outside schools. For the last two weeks not a practice has been held, and it is feared that they will disband without showing their strength. If the girls would only show the right spirit and work with a will, they could have one of the best teams in Oregon.

\* \* \*

### Election of Baseball Officers.

At a meeting of the candidates for the baseball team, the officers for the

coming yeare were elected. There candidates—Emerson, Lounsberry and were two candidates for manager, Young. Emerson was elected. The Rogers and Parker. Rogers was elect- management is making preparations ed. For captain there were three for an extensive and busy season.

## Personal Flings

"Amy!" called the old gentleman from upstairs. "what time is it?"

"I don't know, pa," replied Amy. "The clock isn't going."

"Well, how about the young man?"

\* \* \*

At the socialist meeting held April 1st, Yvon Guillaume was nominated for principal in English.

\* \* \*

### The Last Words of

#### Famous Men and Women

Miss M.—Hic. haec. hoc; amabam, arabas, amabat.

Park Seim—I am too tired to die.

Rives Emerson—I was born a freshman, I was raised a heart smasher, and I die a socialist.

Miss H.—Before I die I wish to know whether Lawrence has his readings up to date.

Miss B.—An angel wouldn't have done better.

Winnifred Higgins—Is my face red; am I blushing?

Donald Stuart (thinking of Phys. Geog.)—Ask Mr. Clark if the temperature increases as you descend into the earth.

Yvan Guillaume—Tell Miss H. that she gave me good advice.

Grace Magladry—Where is the captain of the "Lottie Hume"

James Hegardt—Thank heaven! no

more shall I be under penitentiary rules!

"Jay" McMannama—Did the High School win the last baseball game?

Lester Lounsberry—Where's the reed?

Margaret Taylor—Please don't jolly me about Otto.

Yvon Guillaume—Ask the boys not to forget my ability as a baseball player.

Gayle Roberts—Where's Sid's photograph?

Captain Emerson—Did Otto catch the last fly?

Henry Skibbe—I wish Grace would give me one last smile.

\* \* \*

### Things Worth Hearing.

Harvey Allen sneezing.

Donald Stuart talking in Physical Geography.

Miss H. excusing some pupil from Reading.

Otto Utzinger reciting German.

George Poysky reading his English themes.

The Ulster, at Fishers' opera house, April 28, 1905. Popular prices.

\* \* \*

Mr. Seim—No, Miss Hulse; I haven't my lesson this morning. I had to entertain.

\* \* \*

Miss B.—Yes, Henry VIII. and Catherine were married good and tight.

### We Think Not.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who to himself hath never said

As he stubbed his toe against the bed, —!?!? —!?!? —!?!? —!?!?

—Ex.

### New Version of an Old Story.

The boy stood on the burning deck; His head was in a whirl.

His eyes and mouth were full of hair, And his arms were full of girl.

—Whims, S. H. S.

## School Notes

Among the various organizations by which the seniors accomplished that have been established in the Astoria High School of late is the stringed orchestra, under the leadership of Lois Parker, '07. The primary object in organizing was to furnish music for the play which is to be given by the High School students.

The members of the orchestra are: Lois Parker, '07, and Gayle Roberts, '08, first violin; Magna Carlson, '07, and Ruby Hammarstrom, '08, second violin; Thorburn Ross, '08, cello, and Margaret Taylor, '08, pianist.

As is seen, the orchestra is composed entirely of under classmen. We congratulate you, sophomores and freshmen, for your enterprise. Keep on with the good work; it is just what is needed. The music furnished is excellent—in fact, as good, if not better, than that given by more pretentious organizations.

\* \* \*

On Friday, March 31, the regular monthly rhetorical were held. The subjects of most of the numbers were more or less centered about Astoria. They were well written and well delivered, and, though well known by the average Astorian, were very interesting. The program was concluded with an eloquent address by Rev. L. D. Mahone, who gave us lots of good advice. His address was appreciated very highly by all the students.

\* \* \*

Friday, April 9, the juniors hoisted their flag to the top of the flagpole and dared the seniors to pull it down. As the flagpole is situated on top of the belfry, the only way to get to it is via two or three trap doors, about four ladders, and, as the juniors said, five good, solid locks. Some time between 9 and 12:20 a. m. the beautiful blue and white '06 flag came back to terra firma. The manner or means

by which the seniors accomplished the deed still remains a mystery. It is rumored, however, that Mr. Lounsberry, the "Pa Pike" of the senior class, could tell more than he will.

\* \* \*

On Friday, April 28, at Fishers' opera house, the students of the Astoria High School will present to the public the three-act farcical comedy, "The Ulster." The work is under the direction of Miss Moore, and is expected to be a huge success. The cast of characters and synopsis of the play are as follows:

### Cast of Characters.

Mr. Valentine Flipper, a retired merchant, with a second wife and a subtle secret. R. Emerson, '07  
Wilmington, his son by a former marriage. Yvon Guillaume, '07  
Prof. Barton Joseph Leahy, '06  
Geoffry, his son. Lawrence Rogers, '05  
Burt n, the stranger. Frank Parker '06  
Peter Jones. Lester Lounsberry, '05  
Adam Quick, a private detective  
Yvon Guillaume, '07  
Shorter, the cabman. Henry Skibbe, '08  
John, a footman retained. Otto Utzinger, '06  
Mike, a servant discharged. Joseph Leahy, '06  
Black, a lawyer's clerk Henry Skibbe, '06  
Mrs. Flipper, aged 30, left an orphan at 18. Emma Shedd, '05  
Sadie, Flipper's niece. Winnifred Higgins, '06  
Mrs. Barton Amy Rannels, '05  
Agnes, her daughter. Grace Magladry, '06  
Patsy, maid at Flipper's. Mary Gregory, '07  
Susan, maid at Barton's. Jeanette Peterson, '08  
Moll Ruby Bremner, '08

### Synopsis.

Act I. Early in the morning Geof



try Barton cautiously enters a room "Now for the first kiss of welcome!" in Mr. F.'s house. He had been startled by Mr. F. while paying court to Sadie F. Retreating hastily, he left behind his dun colored ulster, and he makes Agnes put on par-around to find the room where he had left it, for the night was bitter cold. Sadie has hidden it, but before F. is up in the morning the cab driver brings in an ulster which he thinks is the one left in his cab the night before. F. comes in and finds the ulster and lies into a rage. He says that he is "being deceived, that the pangs of jealousy are consuming him." Sadie's guilty looks confirm his suspicions, and he resolves to get a divorce. A scene then occurs between S. and Mrs. F., in which S. confesses her love for Geoffrey, and says she does not want to marry Peter Snarl, an old school-mate of her uncle, whom the latter has chosen for her. Mrs. F. sympathizes and promises to help her.

A new groom, Peter Jones, is soon announced. Sadie comes in and asks his name, and on hearing "Peter" she gives a wild shriek and rushes out of the room, crying, "He's come already!" Mr. F. comes in and in his excitement makes the same mistake. He seizes Peter joyfully by the hand and takes him into his room. In the meantime Geoffrey has come to plead his cause. Mrs. F. sees him, thinks he is Peter Snarl and orders him out of the house. The act ends with Mr. F.'s pushing Sadie into the arms of the astonished Peter, exclaiming,

Act II. Agnes receives Wilmington, who gives her G.'s ulster and tells her to keep it until the storm is over. Mr. Barton is "loony" on physical education, and he makes Agnes put on par-around for skates. A ridiculous scene follows. As Wilmington pleads his suit, Mr. B., who is very deaf, thinks he is a book agent. In the meantime F. has found a torn envelope, with —rton, in the pocket of the ulster left by Snorter. Mrs. F. has written a note to Geoffrey asking him to call; F. gets the note, puts two and two together, and concludes that Geoffrey B. is his wife's lover. He goes to B.'s house to settle the affair. Mr. and Mrs. B. and all the others think it is to arrange for the marriage of Agnes and W. The act ends with sobs on the part of everybody but F.

Act III. Geoffrey appears wearing the ulster. Mr. Burton, whose ulster Snorter brought to the wrong house, comes to get it. He sees G. and thinks the latter has it on. Later Sadie comes in with an ulster of similar pattern (they are all the rage.) She thinks that Burton is Geoffrey's father and begs him not to deprive her of "the one hope, the one joy" of her existence. Burton thinks she is crazy and that it is the ulster she means. The act ends with a general understanding. F. finds out it is his niece, and not his wife, whom G. loves, and he admits that he has been "floored by a vowel."

## Exchange

Copies of The Zephyrus have been sent to the Portland High School, the Portland Academy, St. Helen's Hall, St. Mary's Academy, Lowell High School, Lewiston High School, Annie Wright Seminary, Eugene High School, and Seattle High School. We have received answers from St.

Mary's Academy, St. Helen's Hall, Lewiston High School and Seattle High School. What is the matter with the others?

\* \* \*

"From a Car Window" in "The Purple and Gold" is an amusing and vivid description.

\* \* \*

"The Academia" contains some instructive and interesting articles.

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